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Late Night Infomercial I

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Abstract

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Late Night Infomercial I

by Austin Watford

“My abs are rock hard! Rock hard for summer!” he says. He is screaming it so loudly that his wife runs to him like he’s dying horribly. When he sees her, he says “Honey, look at these rock hard summer abs!” and she is very suspicious of them.

“I bet they are brittle winter abs, brittle like a dried leaf and that they would shatter if I tested them.”

He gasps and yells, louder, “They are for summer! Hard like granite for the UV rays! Like diamonds for the heat! Here, take this cinder block and test them! You’ll see that they are made for the blister rays of the hot-time sun!” His wife tosses the cinder block at his abs and they shatter.

“You see? You see, husband of mine? Winter abs, fragile like a glass duck bought at a gas station, weak like a corpse with no muscle and only ancient bone!” and her husband sulks off into the bedroom and calls in sick to work.

